

JULY 10, 1924

PRICE 15 CENTS



OLYMPIC NUMBER

MINNEAPOLIS WINN

It is only human that
everyone should envy
the proud ownership
of a LINCOLN.

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY
Division of
FORD MOTOR COMPANY



L I N C O L N

Ballade of Olympians

WHEN some youth in a Grecian mold
Hurl'd the discus with mighty ease,
Wearing little against the cold
(Note: an early Athenian frieze),
Did the maiden he sought to please
With the olive the victor bore,
Half in earnest and half to tease,
Merely ask what the ladies wore?

Did the messenger who, I am told,
Brought the word from Miltiades
That the courage that was of old
Still was warmed by the wine cup's
lees,
As he sank to his dust-caked knees,
Spent in reaching his loved one's door,
Hear a voice like the sighing trees
Softly ask what the ladies wore?

Those who strive where the flags un-
fold,
Gaily greeting the Paris breeze,
Seeking laurel more rare than gold
(Which the Customs would only
seize),
Ere they look on the homeward seas
Each had better be steeped in lore
As to fashions and Poirer's fees
And whatever the ladies wore.

L'Envoi

Prince, whatever the hero sees,
Winning fame on a foreign shore,
Instantly on returning he's
Asked what was it the ladies wore.
J. K. M.

A Bootlegger's Plea


"You may say all you care to against
Prohibition, but, gentlemen, if it weren't
for Prohibition, where would we boot-
leggers be? Down and out, I tell you!
Down and out. And since there must
be bootleggers, what is the use of run-
ning down Prohibition?

"As you are all doubtless aware, since
the abolition of the corner saloon—and
its establishment in the middle of the
block—the Prohibition (or bootleg-
ging) business has developed by leaps
and bounds, exceeding our fondest hopes
and wildest dreams. In fact, we estimate
that there is to-day approximately three
times the consumption of liquor that
existed prior to the passage of that
magnificent measure, the Eighteenth
Amendment. And who is responsible?
Who is it that has so admirably and
successfully accomplished it? Who, I
ask? The answer is obvious. The
bootlegger!


"Therefore, gentlemen, I beg of you
to bear in mind his achievements in
the past, and not to be too hard upon
our national support—Prohibition."

The Plot Thickens

THE popular novelist stirred in his
sleep. "Why didn't they make twenty
Commandments," he muttered, "instead
of ten—for my characters to break?"

goes a long way  to make friends

It's the second 10,000 miles that makes the big hit



The GENERAL

BALLOON **BALLOON** **REGULAR SIZE**
REQUIRING SPECIAL WHEELS TO FIT PRESENT WHEELS LOW PRESSURE CORD

BUILT IN AKRON, OHIO, BY THE GENERAL TIRE AND RUBBER CO.



A DIXIE WEAVE SUIT-ALWAYS COOL AND STYLISH

When the sun blazes down and the heat waves surge up from the pavements; and men look tired and wilted-then you'll enjoy Dixie Weave suits. The fabrics are cool and porous wool or worsted. They keep their shape. They always look fresh and stylish. Ask the clothier who sells our clothes for Dixie Weaves. Our label is sewed in the coat.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

Life

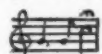
Olympic Games—1924

A FLASH; a rush; and the race is done,
As a speeding youth through the tapeline
shears;

A flag gleams forth in the summer sun
And the grandstand storms to its feet and
cheers.

An upward thrust and a form careers
Over the bar to a twisting fall
While a hero's welcome thrills in his ears:
Sport for the sport of it—comrades all.

The young men leap and the young men run;
The finger of victory shifts and veers,
But Life's are the triumphs that here are won.
It is Life that is lord of the circling spheres.
Yet out of the limbo of Time one hears
The last faint notes of a bugle call—



—and it disappears:

Sport for the sport of it—comrades all.

Aye, death walked here when the rumbling
gun
Rolled to the front with its cannoneers—
To strangling gas and bullets that stun—
But they sang to the sky and banished their
fears

With "Madamozell from Armentiers,"
Laughing youngsters—sturdy and tall,
Mocking at death with good-natured jeers
Sport for the sport of it—comrades all.

L'Envoi

Spirits of sportsmen, the war cloud clears—
The Spirit of Sport breaks its shrouding
pall;

Life carries on through the mist of years.
Sport for the sport of it—comrades all.

Baron Ireland.

Motive

THEY found the column conductor dead beside his desk—
a suicide. A note in his typewriter explained his act.
It read:

"Please forgive me for doing this. I couldn't help it. I broke
the letter eye in my machine."

THE Skeptics' Society is experimenting with various
methods of prolonging life, in the hope that some of its
members may live until the world finally freezes up. They
want to test the theory that "all's well that ends well."



SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER

He Got the Job

THE Precocious Infant was being submitted to the psycho-
logical tests in order to determine the degree of his
genius. He had already picked out numbers, arranged
blocks, and distinguished colors. Then came the supreme
test, the identification of various coins. The investigator
tossed a nickel on the floor. The Precocious Infant bent
over it while the proud parents held their breath. Then
the P. I. winked at his dad and cried exultingly, "Heads!"

HUSBAND: I've waited an hour for you.
WIFE: But I said I'd be five minutes late.

· LIFE ·

Famous American Sports

THE advertising game.
Passing the buck.
Shooting the works.
Throwing the bluff.
Running the gamut.
Tex Rickard.

Education

ONCE upon a time there was a man who brought his son up according to advanced ideas. He never spanked him (he himself had been spanked almost daily in childhood); he permitted him to talk when among elders (he himself had been brought up on the maxim, "Children should be seen and not heard"); he allowed him to work when he pleased, play when he pleased (he himself had been allowed to play for just half an hour every afternoon). All through the son's childhood and adolescence and early manhood there was this contrast between the training of father and son.

People were skeptical. They said that a child without discipline was like an unstarched neckband, wobbly and useless, but he replied that freedom from restraint removed the speed laws on the road to success.

And he was vindicated, for his son became an eminently successful business man, a bank president and a much respected citizen, while he himself, who had been spanked and suppressed from babyhood, had been an eminently suc-



A HIGH DIVE

cessful business man, a bank president and a much respected citizen.

Moral: Nothing proves anything.

PROFESSOR: When was Oklahoma settled?

STUDENT: Not yet.



"GOSH! THE U. S. MAIL IS A SPLIT SECOND LATE AG'IN!"

The Suburbanite Soliloquizes

"IT seems to me that more people ought to do their own gardening. The initial cost is really very low, and the whole thing is nothing more than chicken feed, anyway.

"I walked over to a friend's this evening and asked if he had a spade. He said, 'Yes; and if I'd had one last night, I'd have beaten those three aces and dragged down the pot.'

"Two suspicious characters are being held in the local jail here. They seem to lack a great deal of intelligence, and their offense will most likely be classed as mere common, or garden, plotting.

"An urban friend inspected my garden last Sunday. He asked why I didn't plant French-fried potatoes, instead of the more common type. They seem to be quite popular in the city restaurants."

W. K. Ziegfeld, Jr.

GREAT AUTHOR: Can't you put some real ladies and gentlemen into that next picture of mine?

DIRECTOR: No, sir. Remember, we got to be true to life.



Golf Architect (laying out a new course): RIGHT HERE, I'D SAY, WOULD BE A GOOD PLACE FOR A TRAP.

"I BELIEVE YOU. THIS IS WHERE I PROPOSED TO MY WIFE."



The Better Olympics

OLYMPIC contests, devised by the Greeks to perfect their youth in feats valuable in ancient times, no longer serve utilitarian purposes. LIFE, therefore, has arranged a new program, better adapted to present needs.

The events recommended for the New Olympics follow:

TWO-MILE RUN FOR GASOLINE (*from stalled car*). Contestants to leave marks when woman starter says, "Well, I'm sure we can't stay here all night."

STRAP HANGING FOR DISTANCE. Entrants to be equipped with one umbrella, three bundles and one newspaper, which is to be read continuously throughout the contest. All equipment must be carried on person and one hand must clutch strap at all times. Survivor wins.

STANDING VIEWING WITH ALARM (*closed to practical politicians*). First place to go to contestant who throws most convincing fit on discovering nothing at greatest distance.

220 YARD MATRIMONIAL DASH (*for couples*). Start from church. Both members of team must reach divorce court (finish) together.

INDOOR PISTOL SHOOTING (*closed to ladies*). Revolver or automatic may be used. Silhouette targets representing male figure.

QUICK LUNCH PENTATHLON. Competitors to start from

scratch, collect meat order, cup of coffee and dessert from counter, carry them to arm chair, hang topcoat and hat on hook, eat food, don coat and hat, pay cashier and return to starting point.

100 FOOT SPRINT FOR MOVIE SEATS. Entrants to be massed behind ropes. Start from moment lights go up for second show. Finish seated in front row.

TAR AND FEATHER RACE (*teams of fifty*). Groups to leave Klan headquarters, secure lone victim, carry him five miles beyond city limits, apply coat of tar and feathers and return to Klavern. Points will be deducted from score if victim survives.

LONG-DISTANCE SERIAL CONTEST (*for magazine editors*). Test to be arranging 60,000-word story to adjoin greatest number of advertisements.

COAL HUNT (*closed to commuters*). Points to be awarded on basis of elapsed time and number of tons of coal purchased at dealers' depots.

MUD SLINGING FOR ACCURACY. Entrants must provide their own mud and targets.

TEMPERATURE JUMPING (*winter sports section*). Contests will be conducted simultaneously in California and Florida. Jumping will start from zero, centigrade.

James K. McGuinness.



Life Lines

THE strike of advertising billboard painters in New York has taken an unfortunate turn. It is over.

Judging from the number of honeymoon trips to Europe this summer, the Atlantic Ocean must know what it means to be crossed in love.

Suggested course for the Ku Klux University: "The Gentile Art of Making Enemies."

Mr. La Follette says he enters the campaign with several ends definitely in view. The Republican Party's, we assume, is one of them.

Membership in Congress is open to all citizens of the United States without regard to race, creed or Coolidge.

Democrats hopeful of electing their candidate may take courage from the fact that even for the party now in power the days are getting shorter.

A scientist claims to have established the location of Paradise in Mecklenburg. This is a deliberate insult to hundreds of American summer resorts.

It's high time for the coal miners to decide that they aren't being treated right next Winter.

Telephone subscribers in London, so the report goes, numbered 220,000 at the end of March.

And it's one hundred chances to one that *that's* the wrong number.

Mr. Mondell says the record of the Democratic Party is "without a single redeeming feature." This almost leaves the Republicans without a campaign issue, doesn't it?

With the increasing number of inexperienced and reckless drivers of motor vehicles, a fortune awaits the inventor of the pneumatic telegraph pole.

Her Crowning Glory

A Barber's Nightmare

THE GIRL: Do you bob hair here?

THE BARBER: Shoo'—we got French cut an' Dutch cut, boyish an' pineapple...

THE BOOTBLACK (*who fancies himself a tenor*): But yes! We got no— (*He is promptly thrown through the window.*)

A FRIEND: Think what you are doing, Gladys. Your crowning glory!

THE GIRL: Oh! Oh! Oh! But I'm going through with it. (*To the barber.*) Or would you advise me not to?

THE BARBER: No advise. Get in or get out. (*She gets in.*)

THE GIRL: What would suit my face best?

A MAN: A Benda mask.

ANOTHER MAN: Try a hot towel.

STILL ANOTHER MAN: And I'll drop the ether on it.

THE FRIEND: Oh! Oh! Oh! Your crowning glory! (*The girl gets out of the chair.*)

ANOTHER FRIEND: Don't be silly, Gladys, you've been thinking of this for two months. (*She gets back in.*)

THE FIRST FRIEND: Mark my words, Gladys, you'll be sorry. (*She gets out.*)

THE OTHER: Fool! (*She gets in.*)

THE FIRST: Fool! (*She gets out. The men get out.*)

THE OTHER: Fool! (*She gets in.*)

THE FIRST: Fool! (*She gets out.*)



HE GOT THE IDEA AT THE DENTIST'S
THE PUNCTURE-MIRROR SAVES HIM FROM CLIMBING OUT OF
THE CAR WHEN ANY ONE THINKS THERE IS A PUNCTURE.



Efficiency Expert's Wife: IF YOU INSIST ON DOING
THOSE FOOL EXERCISES, HENRY, YOU MIGHT AT LEAST GO
OUT ON THE LAWN AND FLATTEN THE MOLEHILLS!

THE BARBER: Hey! Stoppa da monkey beezneez. You maka me diz'. (*The girl gets back in. The barber finds three copies of Vogue. While the girls are deeply immersed he does the dirty work.*) Ha! So! How you like-a dat?

THE GIRL (*seeing what has happened, she bursts into tears*): Oh! Oh! Oh! My crowning glory!

THE FRIEND: Oh! Oh! Oh! Your crowning glory!

THE OTHER FRIEND: Your crowning glory! Oh! Oh! Oh! But you'll get used to it!

THE GIRL: You nasty brute. I sha'n't pay you a cent. You've ruined my hair. And I never told you to bob it anyway! (*She is led weeping from the shop.*)

THE BARBER: *PORCO DI MILLEBOMBE!* (*He takes a stiff drink of hair- tonic and sinks exhausted into the chair. Feminine voices are heard.*)

A CHORUS OF FEMININE VOICES: Do you bob hair here? We all want our hair bobbed. (*The senior class of a girls' school enter the shop.*)

THE BARBER: *Corpo di bacco!* Datsa stoo much! (*With a wild shriek of dismay, he climbs into the hot towel machine and carefully closes the opening after him.*)

[THE CURTAIN FALLS]

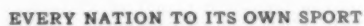
Henry William Hanemann.

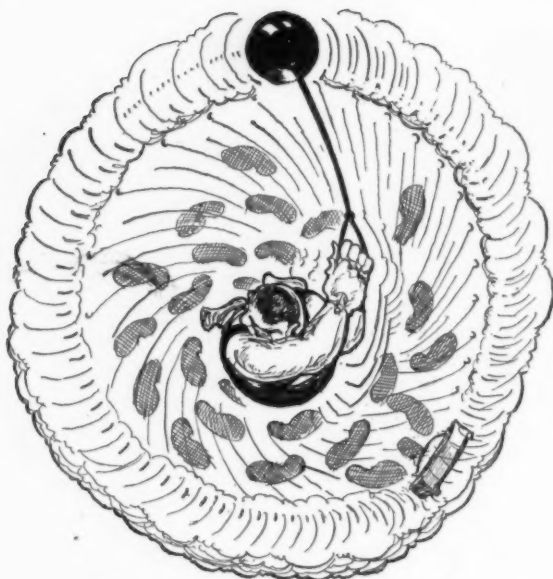
Chatterbox

"COOLIDGE plays golf, doesn't he? What does he go round in?"

"Oh, about ten syllables."

THERE is no water in a permanent wave, nor in watered stock; but both of them have sunk many a man.





AIRPLANE VIEW OF A HAMMER THROWER IN ACTION

The Grand Vizier

HARRIETT: Do you ever take your husband with you to help pick out a hat?

AGATHA: No; only to help pay for it.

Three Miles Out

AS Columbus trod the quarter-deck
The mutineers surged aft boldly.
"We demand that you put her about," they cried,
"And return to Spain!"
"Never!" he replied.
"You can't set foot in America," they persisted;
"The immigration quota is full!—
Can you prove you are sane?
Have you any visible means of support?
Where's your passport?
Have you any source of identification
Except your driver's license?"
For a moment he was nonplused.
Then, with a burst of inspiration, he retorted,
"In that case we'll all have to be put ashore
By the rum fleet!"
Whereupon the mutineers capitulated
For reasons of their own.

Sherman Ripley.

Mottoes for Olympic Candidates

FOR the high jumper: The higher the fewer.

For the sprinter: The more waist the less speed.

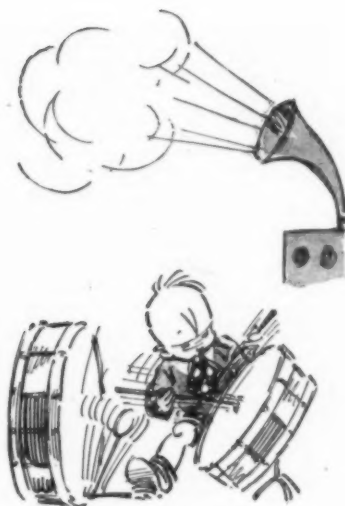
For the broad jumper: One swallow doesn't make a summer, but if it is the right stuff it may result in a good spring.

For the hammer thrower: Distance makes the heart grow fonder.



King Solomon: WHY ALL THE WEEPS?

Chorus: YOU'VE FORGOTTEN TO-DAY IS OUR WEDDING ANNIVERSARY!

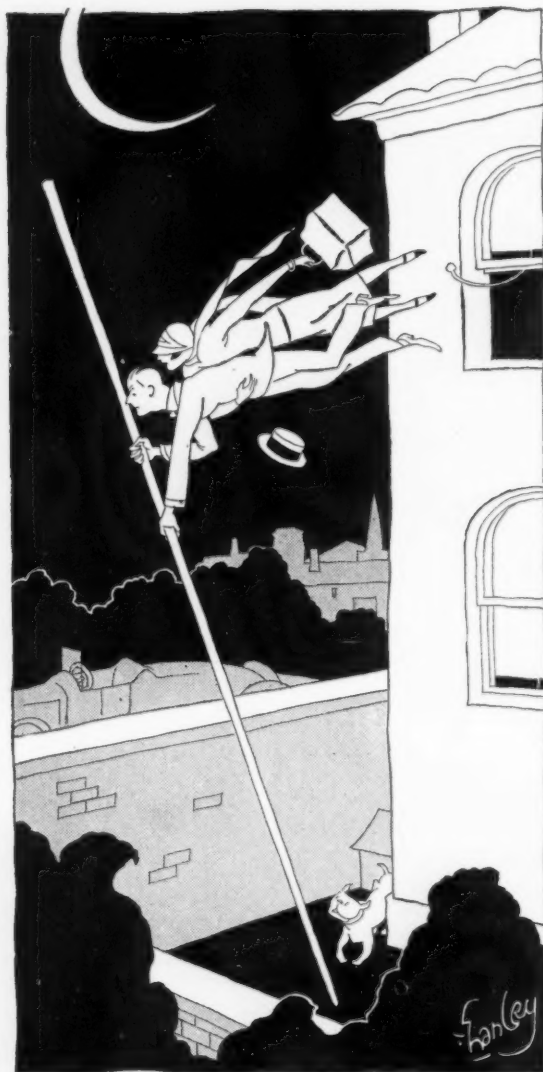


Radio Voice: THIS IS STATION WEX TALK-
ING. THE NEXT NUMBER ON THE PROGRAM WILL
BE PAUL WHITEMAN AND HIS JAZZ ORCHESTRA
PLAYING "THE LIMEHOUSE BLUES."



Skippy

Skippy: JUST AS I THOUGHT—
THEY'RE FLAT.



THE POLE VAULTER ELOPES WITH THE PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER.

Why Plumbers Grow Rich

MR. SPRIGGS was complaining loudly to the plumber of the high cost of plumbing.

"Well," said the plumber, "we've got to pay a man and his helper."

"But you don't need a helper for a little job like this, do you?" said Mr. Spriggs.

"No," admitted the plumber. "But, you see, it's like this. The man who goes out to your house has got to take the machine, and it ain't worth while to run the machine for just one man, so we send the helper with him."

Scientific

MRS. NERVELY: Oh-h! There's a spider on my neck!
PROFESSOR NERVELY: No, dear, you are mistaken—it is a species of tarantula.

A Rondeau of Realities

A MERRY, candid girl is Mary;
Compound of earth and breeze, both airy
And self-possessed; match for a king
Or hobo; game for any fling—
On which, though seeming rash, she's wary.
At tennis, fair; at golf, a very
Good sport and pal; a perfect fairy
On skates. Let her do everything
A Mary can

The Old School cults consider "stary"
Her level gaze, and "ordinary"
Her downright speech. Healthy the ring
In her frank voice, her free-hipped swing—
Stuff of the wildwood, mountain, prairie—
American!

Richard Butler Glaenser.

Farm Note

IT was formerly held that a falling-off in the production of eggs by hens was inevitable in the winter. Recent experiments have shown that this need not be so. If the hen is kept in ignorance of the change of season she will go right on laying at the summer rate. The most effective means thus far discovered for deceiving the hen is to keep a thermometer with "83 degrees" painted on it in the hen-house, and to keep a bathing-suit or a pair of white flannel trousers hanging on the line in the yard.

THE Eternal Triangle no longer depends on the "other woman." It gets along just as well with a radio set.



The Landlord: YOU BEEN SELLIN' LIQUOR HERE! YOU BEEN BREAKIN' THE LAW! KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS? THAT MEANS Y'GOTTA PAY MORE RENT.

Added Events

WE believe that the Olympic Games are lacking in color because of the monotony of events. Running, jumping, swimming are all very well in their way but when all is said and done they're pretty remote from our everyday lives. Why not, therefore, select events that the average man knows something about? Like—well—like events for husbands: Ribbon-Matching, Picture-Hanging, Putting Out the Cat, etc. Very few people know whether 10:2 is good time for 100 metres, but who is there who wouldn't recognize the merit in a performance such as this:

"Ribbon-Matching: Won by J. Adolphus Peck, of Chicago. Mr. Peck's choice of pink as a match for the official cerise ribbon given to the contestants constitutes an Olympic record, the former record having been held by Zidos Xgenros, Athens, who in the last games won with plum. Second place went to Arthur Tompkins, of London, with purple; third place to Fritz Ochs, Vienna, with lavender. In view of the fact that Mr. Peck has been married only eight months, high hopes are held that at the next Olympics he will be able to better his own record."

Or this:

"Putting Out the Cat was won by John Williams, Peoria, who found the official cat and put it out in twelve minutes, fourteen seconds, suffering only minor lacerations of the neck and hands. The best time was actually made by



"SUSIE, WHY DO YOU PUT KISSES ON THE IRON?"

James Monroe, Glebehire, Hants, but Mr. Monroe was disqualified for upsetting a chest of drawers, a grandfather's clock and six chairs."

An effort will be made to interest the Olympic Committee in the foregoing events.

Bertram Bloch.

NED: Do you write your wife how much you miss her?

TED: Yes, whenever she reminds me of it.

From a Rule-Book of the National Game

EVERY time a pedestrian reaches the other side of the street he shall be credited with a run.

When a pedestrian scores from a safety isle the nearest motorist shall be charged with an error.

A pedestrian who leaps out of the way of a motor car and collides with another pedestrian shall be credited with a sacrifice bump.

When a motor car stalls at a street crossing the driver shall be charged with a balk and all pedestrians in the vicinity allowed to advance.

Any pedestrian who reaches a safety isle while the traffic umpire's back is turned shall receive credit for a clean steal.

When a pedestrian, in eluding a motor truck, is tagged by another motor truck, he is out, the first driver being credited with an assist.

Any pedestrian who argues with the traffic umpire shall be given a walk.

A pedestrian who is in a hurry and is kept waiting five minutes on a safety isle shall be put out.

When a pedestrian has stolen home he shall be declared reasonably safe.

Ward Twichell.



MR. SUBBUBS ADOPTS A POLICY OF COMPLETE AND UNDISCRIMINATING FRANKNESS AS TO WHAT TIME GUESTS FROM THE CITY CAN GET A TRAIN BACK TO TOWN

"WERE you in New York long?"
"Three raids."

Nothing Succeeds Like Suits

MEN told me the road to success was hard. I laughed. I knew better. Clothing advertisements had not been wasted upon me.

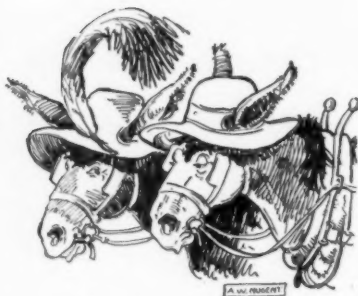
Selecting a store for men, I blithely entered.

"Good appearance is a great asset in any business," I sang, and the manager, clerks and customers rushed to my side to drink in the melody.

"The man who looks well in his clothes," I chorused, "is conscious of his ability, overflows with confidence and impresses others favorably. These are the things that make him successful."

The manager wrung my hand gratefully.

"Sell me a suit," said I, "to make me successful in the insurance business."



Pessimist: LIFE CERTAINLY IS TOUGH;
HERE WE ARE, DEAD BROKE.

Optimist: CHEER UP! WE STILL HAVE
TWO BITS.

"Delighted!" said the manager. "Try this on—ah, a perfect fit—see the long, rolling lapel—that's the lapel that assures success in the insurance business."

That was on Monday. By Saturday I

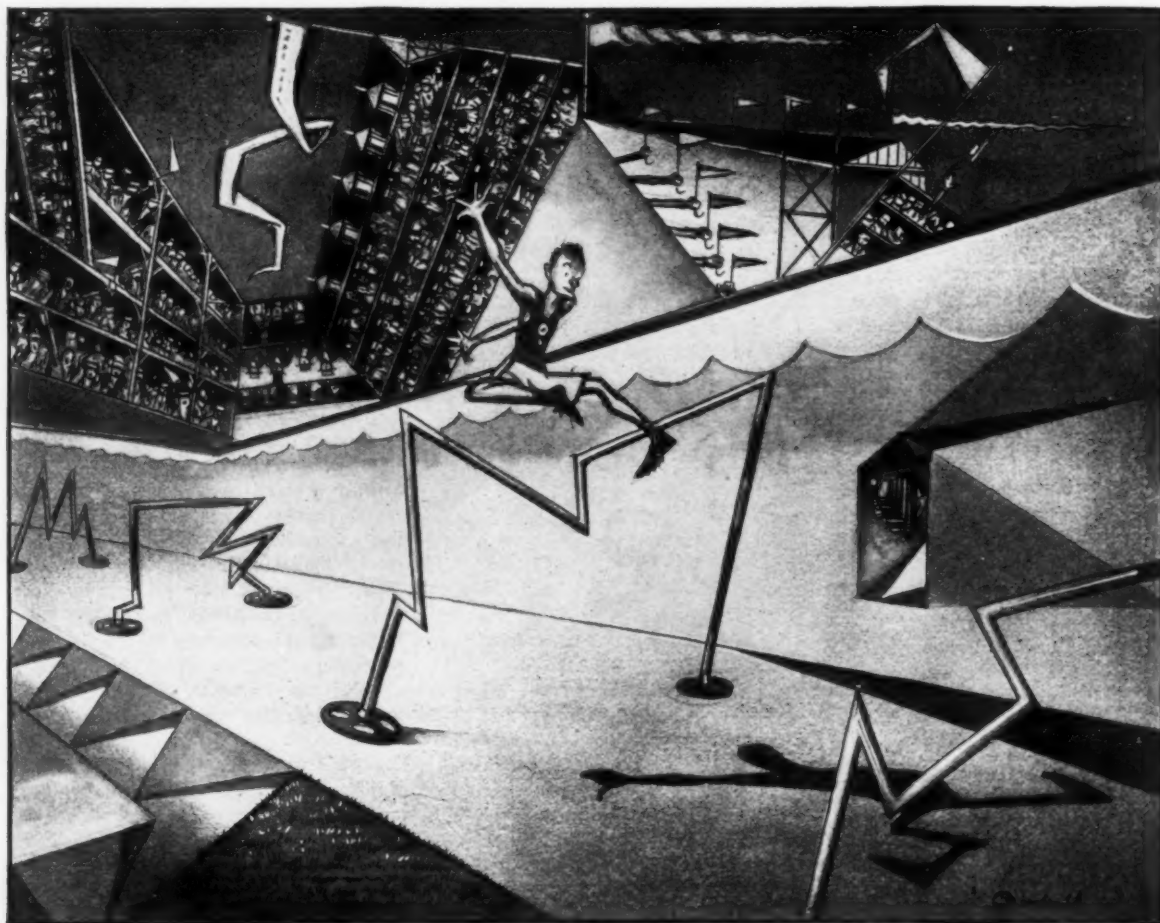
had one thousand persons working for me on five floors of one office building, and they could not handle the people who came in to buy insurance. All I had to do was to put a huge sign on the front of the building, a glorified duplicate of that lapel...

To-morrow night, my children, I shall tell you the story of the man who bought a suit with the kind of button-hole for the top vest button that makes a success out of a husband. Thus he was enabled to convince his wife that she could save enough by retrenching on her barbershop tips to buy him a suit of clothes. Good night, children, good night!

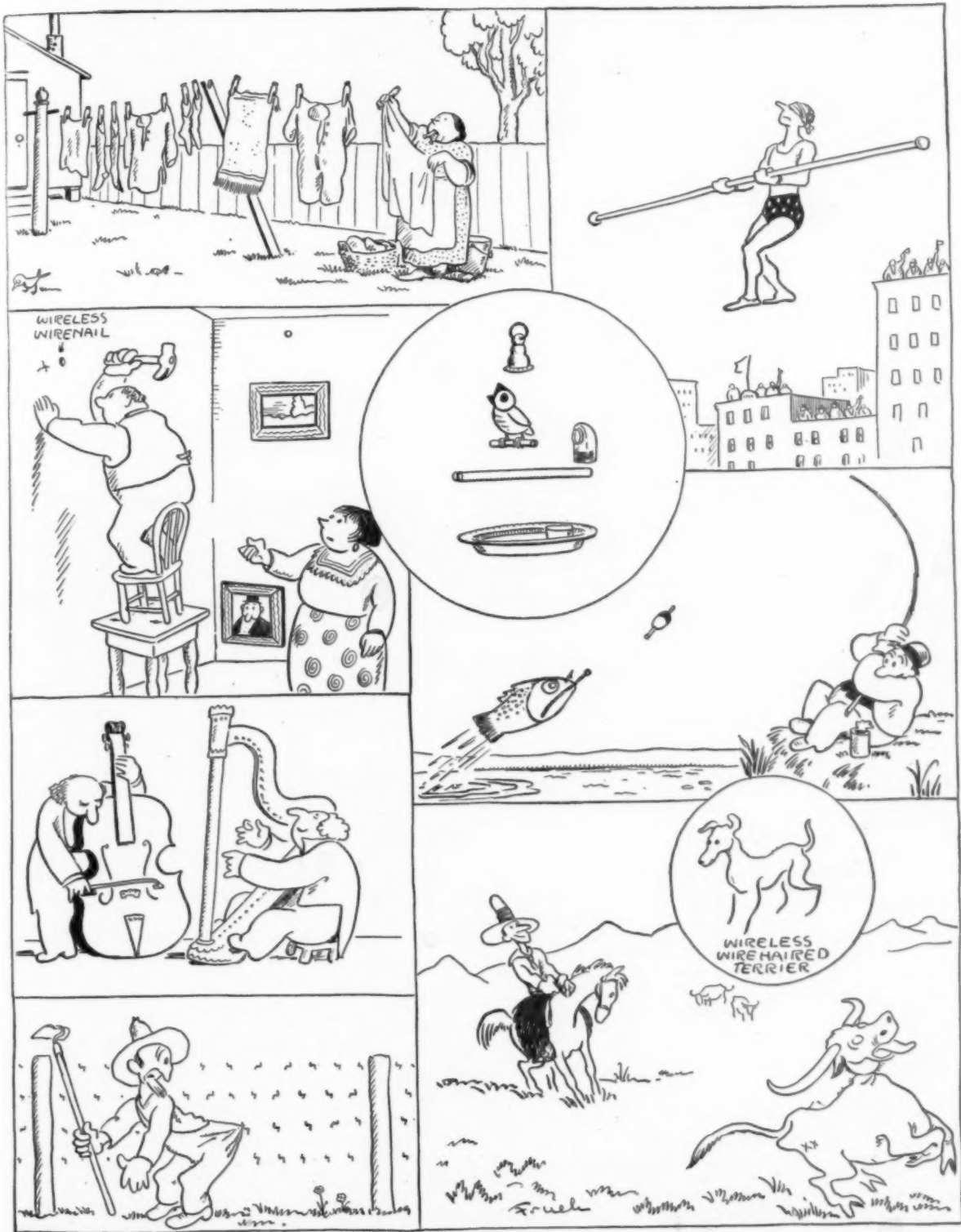
H. Hovious Rafferty.

SHE: Did you read that book on chiropody?

HE: Only the foot notes.



WHEN THE FUTURISTS TAKE OVER THE OLYMPIC GAMES



THE WIRELESS AGE



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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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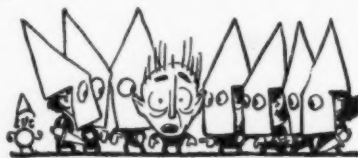
YALE swept the Connecticut Thames handsomely again this year, got everything, went home happy, and her fine crew has gone to Europe for the Olympic competition, where with fair luck it will give a good account of itself, for the sharps question whether a better university crew ever sat in a boat.

It is funny about rowing. It is also instructive. It is the same about football and baseball and doubtless any other sport in which results are reached by co-operative effort. Success comes in these matters by instruction, by training. A crew, says one of our contemporaries, "is something that is always made and never born." There has to be a maker. He has to know how. He has to have enough time and proper backing, and really, it would seem, the material he works with is of secondary importance. The trick is to teach the men what to do and to make them do it together. If they are highly gifted persons so much the better, but second-rate material in the hands of a trainer and director great at his job will make a better machine than much better material less ably trained.

That is really almost a discouraging thought, so many things in this world have to be done by co-operation. Some things a man can do by himself. A great poet does not have to have coadjutors. Individual scientists discover things. Individual searchers for truth detach large fractions of it on their own account. But most considerable things have to be accomplished by inspiring other people, organizing them and getting them to work together for good. So it is in war. So in sport. So in politics and so in business. Maybe

the new Harvard School of Business will give instruction in it.

As this issue of LIFE goes to press the Democrats have gathered in convention in New York to try to pick out a man who can make their party win at the next election. It is, of course, an interesting job, mighty interesting, the more so that there is such disparity of opinion as to which candidate can win. Our readers will know, but this race in Madison Square Garden is not a race between two crews, but is more like a horse race with a good-sized field, and the expectation seems to be that the favorites will wear themselves out in the early stages of the race, leaving some other deserving character to be the winner. Who the winner is is very important, for he, if elected, will be the trainer and leader of his party for the next four years, and what it is able to accomplish for the world and the country will depend very largely upon him. What is done must be done considerably by Congress and what Congress will do will depend upon how the elections go and who is President.



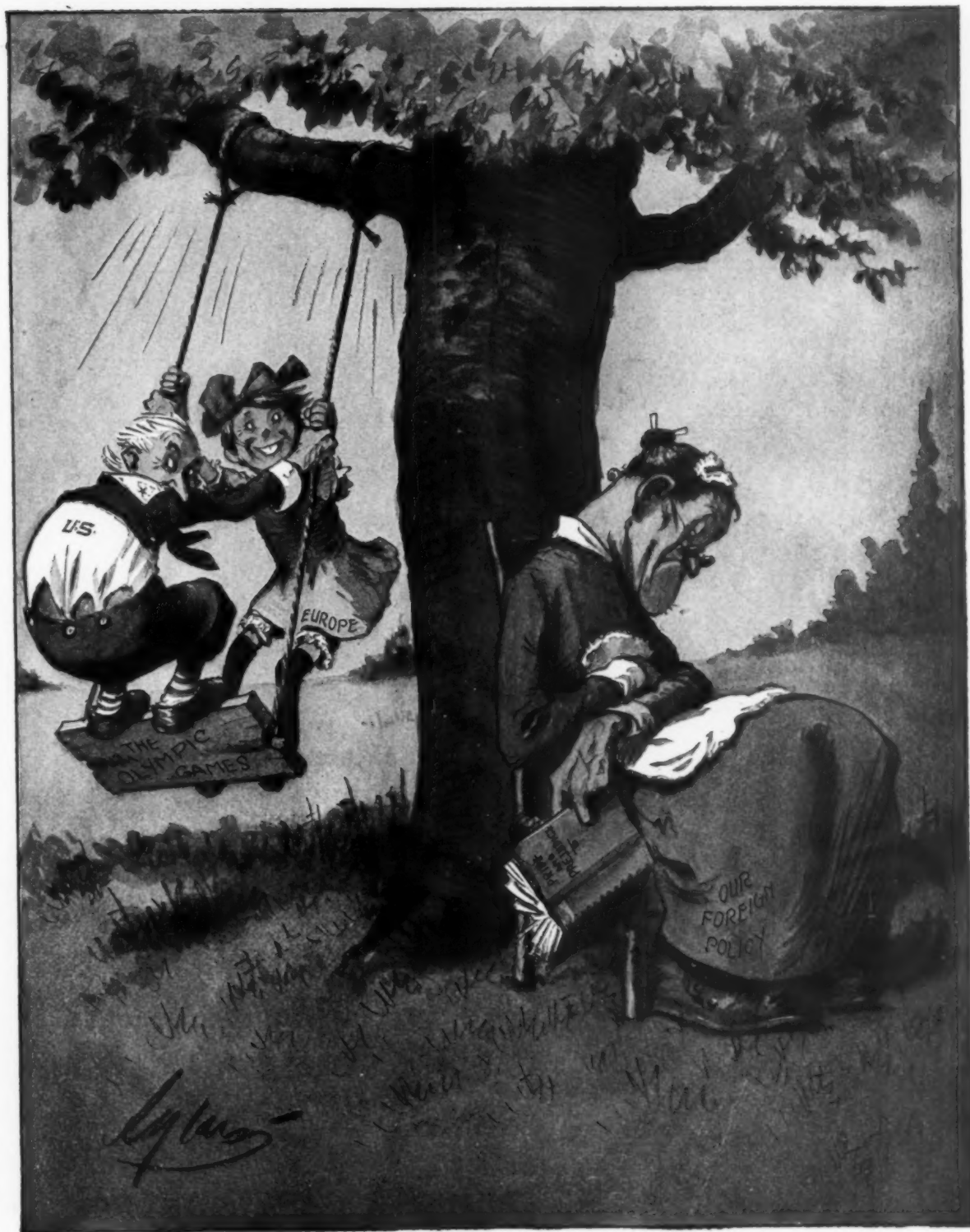
NOTHING that the Democrats do, except to choose their candidates, will be of more importance than to define the Democratic policy towards Europe. Under Mr. Wilson the Democrats had a policy. Since Mr. Wilson there has been none. It is important what it is to be because our own concerns are so mixed up with it. If we want to help the farmers, if we want to reduce the cost of living, the likeliest

way to accomplish it is to help get Europe on her legs. With Herriot and MacDonald apparently agreeing on policies, something can be done. No one better defined the spirit in which the problem must be approached than Owen Young of the Dawes Commission at Harvard's Commencement. He got an LL.D. there and made a speech. He said nothing about the report itself, but told how in the beginning he favored the League with or without reservations, preferably without, and how the rejection of the League developed in this country a strong feeling of isolation with a corresponding feeling of depression and hopelessness abroad. From the first, he thought, our country has not been satisfied with her decision morally, and gradually there has arisen a feeling that she has not acted even in her own self-interest, so discussion has started again. The World Court idea helps some folks' feelings. Foreign loans by private bankers have alleviated somewhat our practical loss, and what Mr. Young called "our bootlegging participation in a reparation settlement" has been received, he says, with favor at home and with hope and gratitude in Europe.

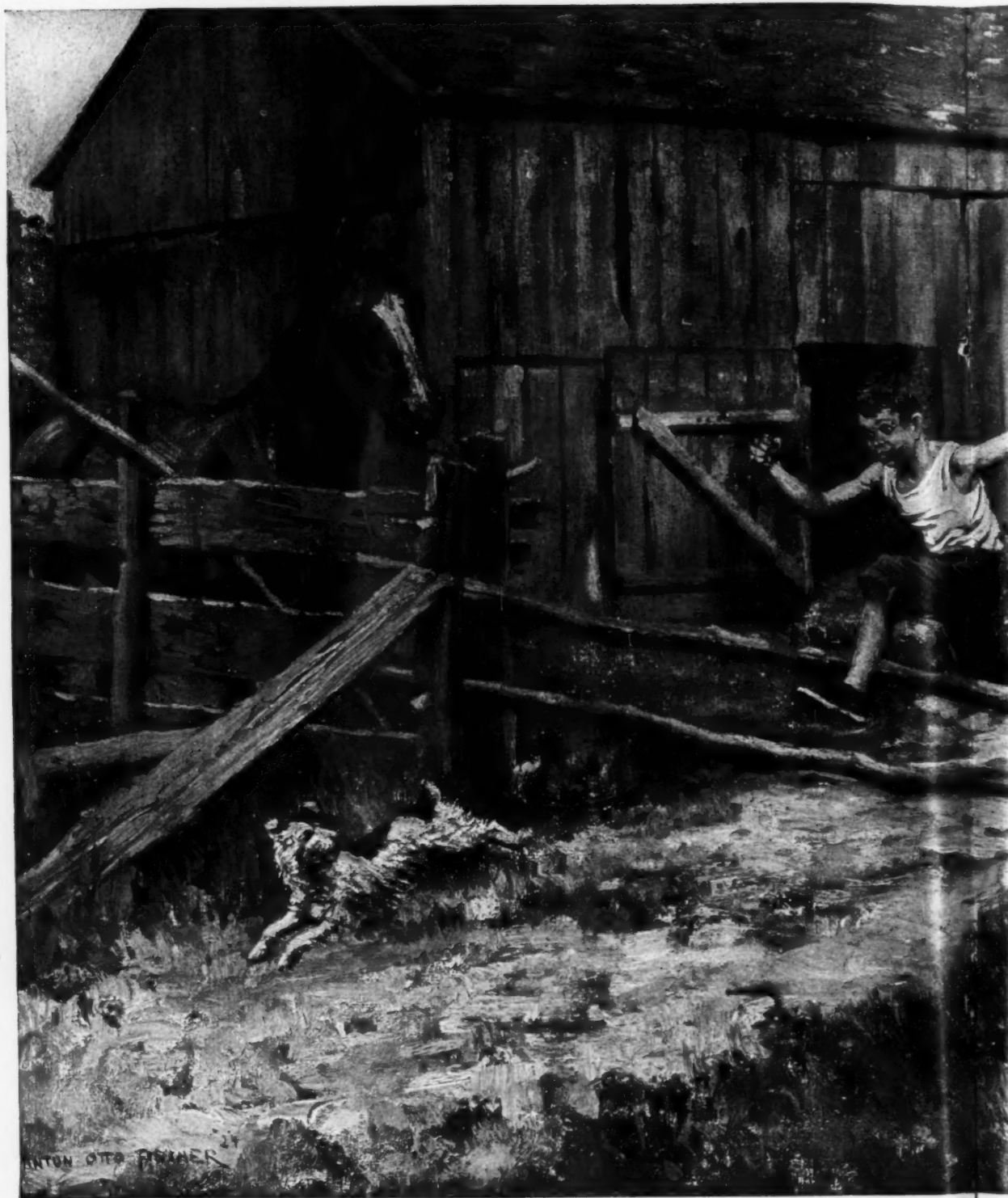
As Mr. Young sees it, what America should do in playing her part in the world's affairs is a great moral question and should be faced and decided as such. He objected to having it confused by a discussion of the merits or faults of the machinery through which the decision should be made effective.

"Whether I should go to the relief of my comrade in a hospital," said he, "is one question. What sort of a car I will go in is another. I object to delaying my decision or to being diverted from my main purpose by the sales talks of promoters of different vehicles. The first thing that I want to do is to send word to my friend in the hospital that I am coming and then I will go by the best conveyance which expediency puts at my disposal, and if there be no other way, I will walk to his relief. That is what I should like to have America declare to Europe." Evidently Mr. Young, having spent some time and thought in trying to help Europe, has got interested in the job. Inasmuch as he is a Democrat, it is likely enough that he is taking part in the party councils now proceeding, and here's hoping that he may infect the platform makers with his spirit.

E. S. Martin.

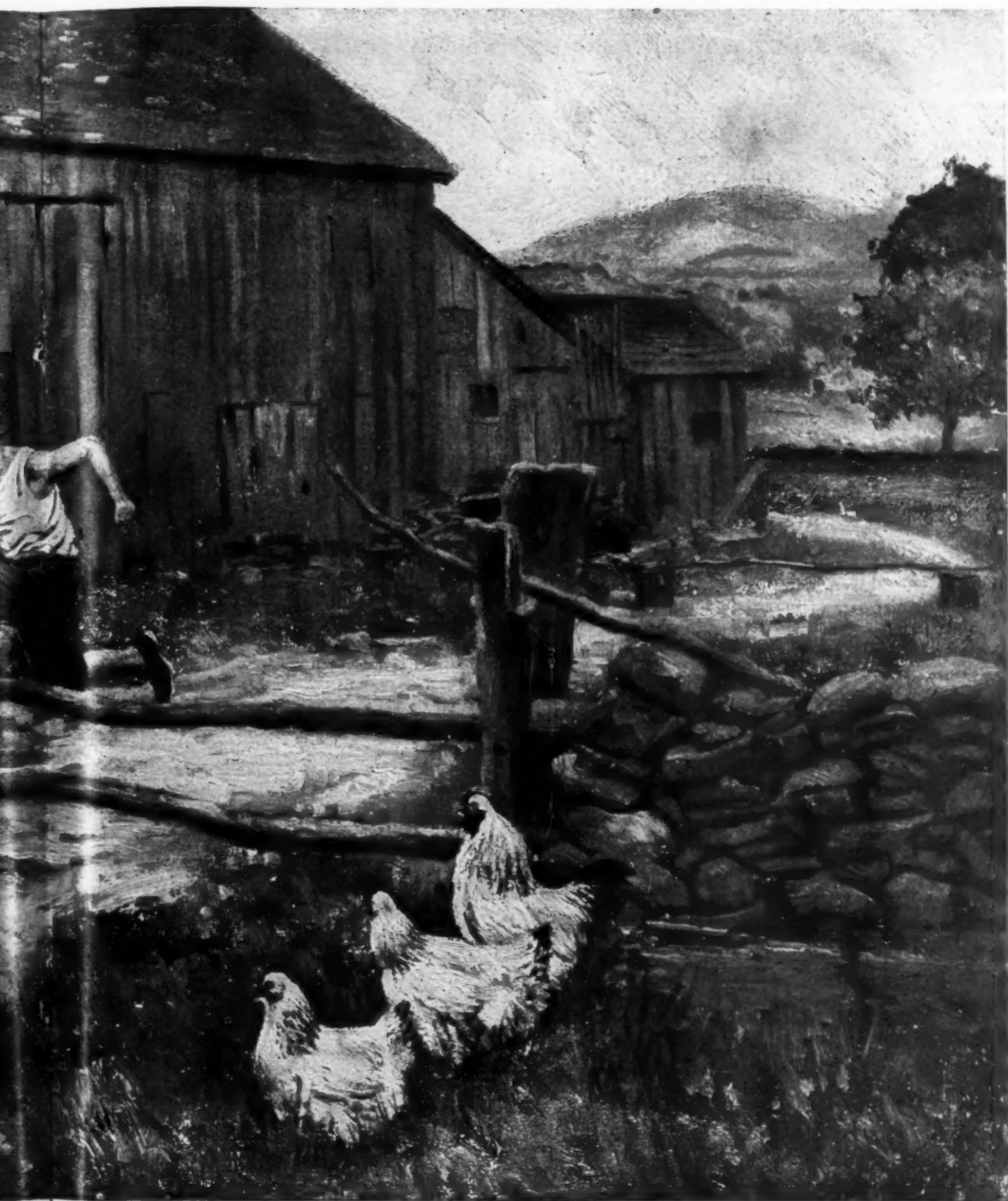


LOVE WILL FIND A WAY



Secret Prac
Where the Olympic Games

LIFE ·



Secret Practice
Olympic Games Are Really Won



Summer Trade

ANY charges that may have been made against Mr. Sidney Blackmer on the ground of excessive leisuress are hereby retracted. In "The Blue Bandanna" Mr. Blackmer is one of the busiest little boys in New York City and one of the fastest workers. He doubles as a young squire and *Gentleman Jim*, a crook, and the only one in the cast who has to step livelier is *Dugan*, the valet, who is constantly being told to "lay out my clothes."

Mr. Blackmer as the Young Master trusses up a burglar and throws him on the sofa, only to change places with him while you are not looking and escape from the sofa as *Gentleman Jim*. As *Gentleman Jim* he wrestles with himself and emerges as young *Mr. Haskell*. A strange man in a disguise enters and smacks Mr. Blackmer over the head with a blackjack and takes off his disguise, disclosing—Mr. Blackmer. It is all very confusing, and statistics show that it is the fastest that any one coming from south of Baltimore has moved since the importation of slaves into Virginia.

It is incidentally one of the best things that have ever happened to this young soft-spoken actor from the South, for, as the crook, he is forced to snarl and talk tough and drop those quizzical sidelong glances. Furthermore, he does something which he evidently has never considered necessary before—he acts. So much more satisfactory and natural is he in his assumed character than as Young Massa Sidney Blackmer that it is more than likely that in future seasons he will become one of our most popular *apache* types, in great demand where brutal snarling is called for.



THE play itself is pretty bad, especially in the first act before the hero turns villain. Hand-hewn dialogue, ponderous soliloquies, scenes in which Mr. Blackmer tells Miss Vivienne Osborne that the first time he met her in the dark he just knew that her eyes were brown, and spontaneous bursts on the part of a nondescript lawyer friend such as, "I fear that he has met with foul play." There are the famous *Haskell* pearls and *Burke* from Headquarters, the lovable old Irish valet who sneaks snifters out of the young master's bottle of Scotch, and the evidence in the Whatziz Motors scandal. Aside from the ingenious manner in which Mr. Blackmer is juggled about, the thrills are nothing to unnerve you.

The most consistently good acting in the piece seemed

to us to be that of Mr. Gustave Rolland in the minor rôle of the maitre d'hôtel of the strangely unfamiliar Hotel Touraine. We have a dim recollection of having said exactly this same thing before about a performance of Mr. Rolland's in some play that we have forgotten.



OWING to an atavistic New England streak which runs through this department, we are incompetent to judge the humor of situations dealing with wedding-night complications, as we never have been able to control an uncomfortable irritation at their being made the subject of public tittering. We kid ourselves into believing that it is not a native prudery on our part, but rather a resentment at an author's using such easy and automatically effective material for his laughs, but probably it is nothing more or less than the old Massachusetts deacons in our past frowning darkly at light-hearted indelicacy. The wedding-night has long been a favorite subject of French gaiety, and we are told that the French are right in such matters.

Whatever the reason, we disliked "The Locked Door." As a matter of fact, we caught the 10:35 for the country with no trouble at all. We knew, when the curtain went up on *Richard Walling's* lodge in the mountains, and we spotted a pair of crossed lacrosse-sticks hanging on the hat-rack, that we were going to get the 10:35. When the French maid and butler opened the act by wondering when the young honeymooners were going to retire to the lovely boudoir (off-stage left), we even planned on the 9:40. And if it hadn't been for the expert manner in which Reginald Mason and Eleanor Woodruff handled a couple of ungrateful rôles (not the honeymooners'), we should have made it, too.



JUST as a matter of record, we should like to say that "One Helluva Night," produced by a club of press-agents for the shortest run of the season (one consecutive performance) and panned into a state of insensibility by press and pulpit, handed us one of the heartiest laughs of recent years—next, in fact, to that furnished by the Four Marx Brothers. To our way of thinking, it was a perfectly elegant piece of kidding and, had it lived, we should have recommended it to all of our ilk. Which shows just about what our approval is worth.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Charlot's Revue. Selwyn—Beatrice Lillie, Gertrude Lawrence, and Nelson Keys in a revue from London which shows us how.

Flossie. Lyric—Something awful. Grand Street Follies. Neighborhood—Inside stuff, but the very best.

I'll Say She Is. Casino—The Four Marx Brothers, the boys who made this department laugh out loud.

Innocent Eyes. Winter Garden—Mistiguett and a pretty sad show.

Keep Kool. Morosco—A fast-moving arrangement of generally good stuff, with Hazel Dawn, Charles King and Johnny Dooley.

Kid Boots. Earl Carroll—Eddie Cantor in his element.

Little Jessie James. Little—We shall have to see this again now that Gregory Kelly is in it.

Moonlight. Longacre—Julia Sanderson and quite a lot of music.

Plain Jane. Sam H. Harris—Joe Laurie for comedy.

Poppy. Times Square—W. C. Fields in one of the season's legitimate characterizations.

Runnin' Wild. Colonial—A new edition of the Negro show which we haven't seen yet.

Scandals of 1924. Apollo—To be reviewed later.

Sitting Pretty. Imperial—You couldn't find anything much nicer, if you want a nice show.

Vogues. Shubert—Jimmy Savo and Fred Allen are very funny.

Ziegfeld Follies. New Amsterdam—To be reviewed later.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. Republic—Well, here's the warm weather again!

Beggar on Horseback. Broadhurst—Roland Young as the dreamer in a delicious satirical fantasy.

The Blue Bandanna. Vanderbilt—Reviewed in this issue.

The Bride. Thirty-Ninth St.—A mystery play of such familiar pattern that it borders on burlesque. Peggy Wood, by some strange chance, is in it.

Expressing Willie. Forty-Eighth St.—The modern craving for self-expression held up between Miss Crothers' very deft thumb and forefinger.

Fashion. Greenwich Village—The way they used to take their drama in 1845. Very amusing now.

Fata Morgana. Lyceum—Emily Stevens in intense and effective dalliance with the heart of a youth.

The Goose Hangs High. Bijou—Home life among the Boys, Girls, and the conservative members of the family.

Meet the Wife. Klaw—The fairly conventional troubles of a wife with two hus-

bands, played for all the comedy there is in it by Mary Boland.

The Potters. Plymouth—Donald Meek as the middle-class American father in a series of poignant episodes in his family life.

The Show-Off. Playhouse—An absolutely Grade-A product of American comedy, with Louis John Bartels giving a fitting characterization.

So This Is Politics. Henry Miller's—Campaigning made into a fairly interesting, if unimportant, play.

Spring Cleaning. Eltinge—Showing what you can get away with if you handle it smartly and engage a good cast.

More or Less Serious

All God's Chillun Got Wings. Provincetown—Paul Robeson in Eugene O'Neill's bitter tragedy of the Negro's Nemesis.

Cheaper to Marry. Belmont—Man and Woman searching for the Ideal State, led by Samuel Shipman.

Cobra. Hudson—Love's Old Three-Part Song, very well rendered.

Her Way Out. Gaiety—To be reviewed next week.

The Shame Woman. Comedy—Showing that sin's wages are paid in the backwoods just as regularly as on Broadway.

White Cargo. Daly's—A vivid example of the effect of the hot sun on the white man's morale.



THE DIABOLIC RAYS

Mars: I WONDER IF THEY'LL BE FATAL TO me!

His Majesty: NO, NO—BUT WHAT DO THEY MEAN CALLING THEM AFTER me?



"WATCH IT, PAT!"

Touring Thinking

HALF the joy of visiting Rome for the first time is in running across somebody who knows Ed Jones, of Zanesville.

The Colosseum is some arena, but it doesn't mean much to a citizen of Forest Hills since they built that new tennis bowl.

There is a thrill in London Bridge, of course, but what do you think of that one they are throwing across the Hudson at Bear Mountain?

The Leaning Tower of Pisa is all right, but we wouldn't stand for it in America. The contractor would have to make it good or we'd sue on his bond.

After hearing these foreign street songs, I know where the phonograph people get the music they put on the other side of a record.

McCready Huston.

On Locution

KITTY: I should think you'd be ashamed to use such awful language.

HAROLD: That's not language. That's slang.

MANY men desire the return of the saloon to give them an excuse to stop drinking

Use and Abuse of Silk Hats

SILK hats are coming back. They have been out so long that very few understand their use. The following directions should be carefully observed.

A silk hat should not be worn—

When driving a Ford motor.

On the beach at summer resorts.

In upper berths of sleeping cars.

In drawing-rooms of Long Island houses (movie actors please note).

At golf tournaments.

A silk hat may be worn—

At the funeral of a rich relative. (Do not, however, deem it essential to festoon the hat with flowers.)

At afternoon receptions. (Always leave the hat in a hat box on the piazza, or in a limousine, before entering.)

At receptions to foreign ambassadors.

At church services. (If hat is placed in aisle, it should first be secured in barbed wire cage.)

At all weddings, afternoon or evening, including your own. (Hat, however, should be removed when approaching altar.)

Note: If your hat is a comparatively new one, that is, one bought since 1870, before being worn it should be sent to a competent landscape architect or city contractor to be gone over with a steam roller. If purchased before 1870, send to a good hairdresser for permanent wave.

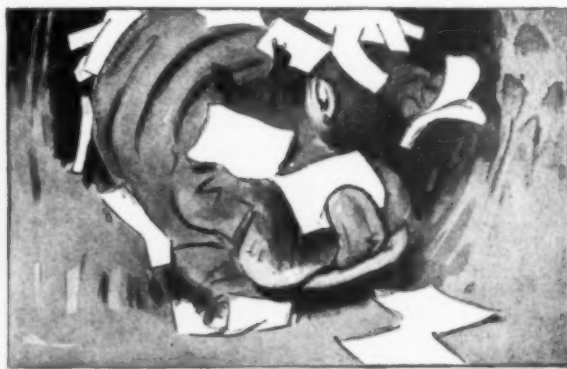
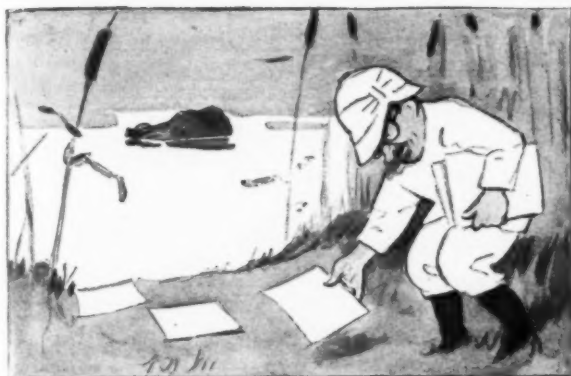
Thomas L. Masson.

ONE way of settling the Franco-German difficulties would be to turn both countries over to Frank Munsey and let him change their name to Sweden.



He: CONFOUND IT! EVERYTHING'S AT SIXES AND SEVENS.

She: STILL TALKING ABOUT YOUR GOLF GAME, DEAR?



HOW TO CATCH A HIPPO WITH FLY-PAPER



"I'VE GOT A NOTION NOT TO WAIT!"

Mrs. Pep's Diary

July
3d

Up betimes, and after my cook again for her failure with jellied soup, it having been possible to cut with a knife that which she served us last night; but she vouchsafed that she had done only what she could, so now, my own culinary ability being naught, I do think of writing to Mrs. Knox herself for inside information. Then did Grace Aiken come in, all a-twitter over an unkind letter she had received, and desirous that I should dictate her reply, if any; but as the only possible response was to call the writer a fool, profanely qualified, Grace did derive small solace from my counsel. . . . Dora Homer to luncheon, and we fell a-talking of our class reunion last month, and how our feet had not stopped aching yet, and D. said she remembered naught of mathematics save that a straight line is the shortest distance between two given points, which had been impressed on her in her youth because the streets of Northampton were so steep and haphazard that she had been forced to make her head save her heels by cutting across lots when safe from detection.

July
4th

My husband off at the break of dawn with his golf cronies, but this is a day whereon I do keep strictly at home, for albeit I do reverence the patriotic spirit

(Continued on page 31)

Cured

I HATE the word "exotic"; it always makes me think
Of freaky, sneaky damsels in sickish purple-pink,
Of figures out of drawing and features on the blink;
Of Eastern scents and savors, of chins that backward slope,
Of sprawly, crawly curtains, and esoteric dope,
Of ghastly-hued cosmetics, and funny-smelling soap;

Of foggy, brooding dramas and verses full of bosh,
Of vague, synthetic morals, and creeds not made to wash,
Of misanthropic music and sybaritic slosh;
Of symbolic paintings, of corners dimly lit,
Of miasmatic egos, each bent on being It,
Of overripe aesthetics, and clothes that never fit.

I'm off the allegoric stuff, I've canned the soulful pose;
I'm all fed up with candle-light and cabalistic shows;
I'm through with super-subtleties and culturistic woes.
I'll banish with an icy shower each languor tommyrotic;
I'll eat with zest my frugal meals, all nickel-in-the-slotic;
An artless, happy philistine—I hate the word "exotic"!

Corinne Rockwell Swain.

An Unfinished Story

TALKATIVE BALLOONIST (*finishing story*): And then, thousands of feet above the cruel ledges, I pulled the string that released me, knowing well that should my parachute fail to open I would dash my poor brains out on the rocks beneath.

INTERESTED LADY: And did it?

"NEWRICH seems perfectly satisfied with himself."
"Why, he's so prosperous that he talks of going back on a visit to his old home town."



"GOING AWAY FOR THE SUMMER?"

"NO, FOR THE WIFE."

The Prominent Citizen Problem

I HAVE just thought of another wonderful argument for militarism.

The military system automatically settles all questions of relative rank; and on this vital subject there is absolutely no civilian authority.

In this great democracy nearly every citizen has by now some sort of title, and on all sides we see the wildest confusion.

Does a District Governor of Rotary go in to dinner ahead of an Exalted Cyclops?

Which should be in the center of the photograph, a Territorial Sales-Manager or a Bishop Coadjutor?

Does one present a Doctor of Philosophy to a National Committeeman, or *vice versa*?

Many a public meeting has been a complete failure because the chairman did not know where an Imperial Potentate ought to sit on the platform with relation to a Third Vice-President.

The etiquette books have dodged the subject. The Perfect Behavior columns in the newspapers are afraid to tackle it. Nothing is likely to be done until we turn the whole social organization over to the Army and Navy. They know how to handle things like that. *Stoddard King.*

Scots Wha Hae—and How They Do It

"HOW did you screw up your courage to propose to the rich Mrs. MacTavish, Sandy?"

"Losh, mon, 'twas jist awfu'! I'd sworn I'd do it come Monday night, so I took her for a bit ride in a taxicab, and wi' one eye on the wee meter tickin' awa', I had her won at the end o' sixty cents."

DEVELOPMENT of the "perfect oyster" is freely predicted by biologists. They fail to state, however, whether the new product can be counted upon to vote the straight Republican or Democratic ticket.

HE: Aren't you going to bob your hair?

SHE: Well, you know, I can't decide whether to bob it or bandit.



Photographer (excitedly): NOW—HOLD IT!

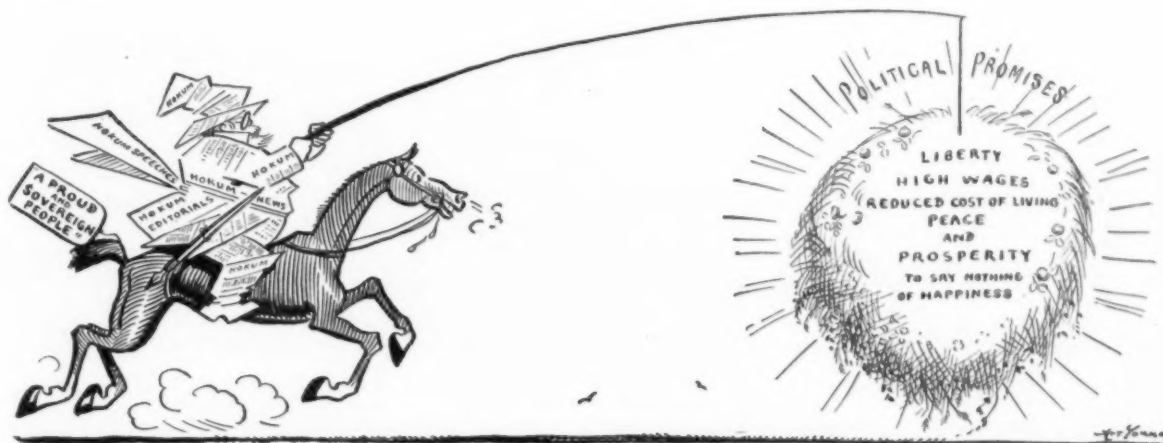
HIS bootlegger seemed to be falling behind in his usually good service. Picking up his phone, he called up to find out the trouble.

"Hello, is Mr. Drinx in?"

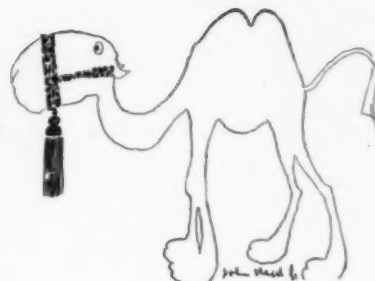
"Yes, he's in," answered the bootlegger's valet.

"How soon can I talk to him?"

"Not for five years," came the answer.



OLD GENERAL PROSPERITY IS BACK IN THE SADDLE.



"The Perfect Flapper"

FOUR years ago, in the wake of the devastation occasioned by the Great War for Democracy, there blossomed on earth a strange, vivid flower that was known as the Flapper. For purely literary purposes, F. Scott Fitzgerald (and his imitators) uprooted this interesting bit of flora and transferred it from the wilderness to the printed page.

Then the flapper withered, and was gone.

It is only logical that movie producers should still think of the flapper as an immediate problem. They don't get around much, and they can't be expected to do any reading. Hence pictures like "The Perfect Flapper."

Wild parties, mischief and general vulgarity provide the enlivening force in this eighth-rate film; Colleen Moore and the worthy Sydney Chaplin are the principal performing animals. They are both good—but not sufficiently so to make "The Perfect Flapper" anything better than terrible.

"The Bedroom Window"

MYSTERY melodramas, in which the guilt is transferred deliberately from one individual to another, belong logically on the stage and not on the screen. The camera's vision is so wide that, when it is forcibly narrowed for purposes of plot, the spectator feels that he is being cheated.

Thus, although "The Bedroom Window" is carefully and intelligently done, it fails to convey the essential thrill. Every situation is expertly constructed, and the whole story is well fitted together; but the kick is missing.

Clara Beranger and William de Mille, who wrote and directed this picture, deserve credit for their craftsmanship. Their perception, however, is at fault. They should know that a murder is not interesting to a movie audience

until the identity of the murderer is disclosed.

"The Bedroom Window" contains one delightful and unusual character, splendidly played by Ethel Wales.

"The White Moth"

THE task of changing a beautiful clothes-horse into a vivacious actress was attempted and accomplished in the case of Gloria Swanson. A similar effort is now being made with Barbara La Marr—to date, with indifferent success.

In "The White Moth," Miss La Marr is compelled to do a great many things which Mother Nature, in her infinite wisdom, never intended her to. She becomes frisky, capricious and prankful—in the manner of Mae Murray—with generally disastrous effects.

For several reels, "The White Moth" succeeds in retaining the attention—being equipped by its director, Maurice Tourneur, with much pictorial eloquence. Miss La Marr, when she is not on the temperamental loose, is good,

as is the strong, silent Conway Tearle.

The story of the piece, however, is badly developed and anti-climactic. Two thoroughly superfluous and repetitious reels are tacked on at the end solely for purposes of footage. A good comedy in their place would have been vastly preferable.

"The Reckless Age"

SPEED is again the primary quality in Reginald Denny's latest picture. "The Reckless Age" travels at the same breathless rate that prevailed throughout "Sporting Youth."

It constitutes a saving grace—for any defects which may appear from time to time are smothered in the determined onrush of incident. One is given little time to ponder over any element, good or bad; one is conscious only of swift and continuous action.

In "The Reckless Age" (curiously and inappropriately so titled), Reginald Denny impersonates one of our essentially native types, the go-getting insurance salesman. The fact that he makes of himself a general pest to the other characters may be listed as a tribute to his observation.

Sentiment

I ONCE confessed on this page that, whereas the usual tear-squeezing devices on the screen left me in an Arctic mood, I was moved to a state of maudlin lachrymosity by the Pathé News pictures of the ceremonies at the opening of the Lincoln Memorial.

Recently I was similarly affected by a strip of film in the Fox News which showed the last run of a team of fire horses in Seattle. It was about as thrilling and as sad a moving picture as I have ever seen.

In the age-old contest, Truth still leads Fiction by several nautical miles.

Robert E. Sherwood.



REGINALD DENNY IN "THE RECKLESS AGE"



Have your Kodak ready

Picture-making is fun at the time and there's pleasure ahead—years of it—as you turn to the prints in your album.

Autographic Kodaks \$6.50 up

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y. *The Kodak City*



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

No Case

A fellow at Ann Arbor has brought suit because the second-hand car he bought "sounded like a threshing machine." He'd better consider himself lucky that it didn't sound like a second-hand car.

—E. C. A., in *Detroit News*.

Naïveté

An ingenuous young lady writes as follows:

"I am engaged to a very nice boy who thinks the world of me, and so do I."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

He: Darling, we may have to wait a year.

She: Never mind! We may not love each other then.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Let us repair to the kitchen," said the carpenter, as he measured the hall for a new floor.—*Toronto Telegram*.



Languishing Lass: NOW, YOU
JES' MUSTN'T GO AN' SQUEEZE ME
LIKE THAT ANY MORE, LAAD!

Sluggard Swain: SQUEEZE YE
LIKE WOT, MARTHA?

Languishing Lass: OH, ANY WAY
YE LOIKE, LAAD—OI SHA'N'T MIND!

—*Humorist (London)*.

Slander

A Democratic Senator, so the story goes, was guilty of an indiscretion. Moreover, the young woman was reckless enough to send him a telegram at his house, which fell into the hands of his wife during his absence. When the Senator came home he was confronted with the message, but with a fine display of anger and admirable presence of mind he exclaimed, "Those dirty Republicans will stoop to anything in a Presidential year!"

—H. Brown, in *New York World*.

Night Club Colloquy

HABITUÉ (to waiter): I say, Charles, how much did I spend on drinks here last night?

WAITER: Two pounds ten, sir.

HABITUÉ: Oh, good, I thought I had lost it.—*Passing Show (London)*.

In Scotland recently a man caught a salmon weighing sixty pounds. American papers please exaggerate.

—*London Opinion*.

OWNER OF SECOND-HAND TWO-SEATER: Well, good-bye, old bean—in case she starts.—*Punch*.

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"Correspondence Column"

Recently we enjoyed a "Bouquet Week" in which an unusually large number of complimentary letters came in on Reedsdale Cigarettes. We cannot resist the temptation to reprint a few extracts in this column:

From Washington, D. C.: "They certainly exceeded all claims made for them. I have smoked cigarettes for nearly fifteen years, and until today have been searching for a permanent brand, but now my search is over.

"The package is not to be improved upon, furnishing, as it does, unbroken cigarettes in 'short order.' It will be a privilege to recommend your cigarettes."

From Columbus, Ohio: "A short time ago a friend of mine offered me a cigarette—it was a Reedsdale. I can readily say it was the best cigarette I have ever smoked."

From Akron, Ohio: "After smoking a carton of Reedsdale Cigarettes I feel that I owe you a letter of appreciation.



attraction of a convenient, ever-ready package makes them irresistible.

"Many men, like myself, will never know their brand until they have tried Reedsdale."

From Burlingame, Kansas: "I wish to congratulate your company in developing what I believe to be the cigarette par excellence. I was more than delighted with Reedsdale Cigarettes, their mellow satisfying flavor, and aroma. Have smoked cigarettes for several years, and have at last found the cigarettes for myself."

You will note a common theme running through all four of these letters. It is the theme of "Eureka." Each of these gentlemen hails the Reedsdale as his brand, found at last, at the end of a long search.

Reedsdale Cigarettes are 20c for a package of twenty. They are now sold by many tobacco dealers, and their distribution is being rapidly extended.

If you have any difficulty in finding them, we will send you a carton of 5 packages of Reedsdale Cigarettes (100 cigarettes), postpaid, for a dollar. Smoke one package at our risk. If you don't like them we will return your dollar for the four remaining packages. Address Reed Tobacco Co., 118 South 21st St., Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Reedsdale Cigarettes, Reed Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va., will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a carton containing one hundred or two hundred Reedsdale Cigarettes for the same price you would pay the jobber.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



"Une Bonne Histoire"

The old General, having been a bachelor all his life, was not used to the whirl of society. Nevertheless, when his niece became an orphan, it was quite necessary that he should look after her and take her about a little.

Thus it happened that one day he was invited with her to dinner at the table of one of the high officials of the Government.

His rank of General, his advanced age and his chest starred with decorations gave him a place of honor almost opposite the hostess.

The soup course finished, the soup plates were naturally removed. At the time the General was much occupied in telling his neighbor on the right about his Madagascar campaign. Mechanically he took his napkin and, in the manner of a bachelor used to dining in a restaurant, wiped the fresh plate.

Immediately a butler rushed forward, removed the plate and put down another. The General wiped it off with his napkin and continued his story. Again an exchange of plates and again the mechanical gesture of the old warrior, and once more the flunky stretched forward to remove the plate; but this time the General saw him.

Barring the way with his arm, he turned towards his hostess.

"Sapristi! madam," he cried. "Is that imbecile going to stop, or shall I have to wipe every plate in the house?"

—Le Rire (Paris).

Teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters on half Grape Fruit, a delightful breakfast tonic. Sample bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Sold

An actor visited a tailor over on the East Side. There was a gaudy suit he admired. The proprietor took it from the window and had him try it on.

"It is such a fit," he exclaimed, "your friends won't know you. Go ahead, I ask you, just step outside a few moments."

The actor walked out, and after a short time came in again. The proprietor came up to him, rubbing his hands, and said: "Stranger, what can I do for you?"

—O. O. McIntyre, in

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Crib

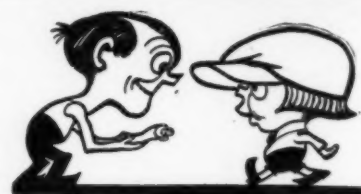
"I hear that Joe was kicked out of Harvard for cheating."

"Yes, he got caught with a flower in his buttonhole during a botany exam."

—Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.

Just Wait

Twins born in London recently have been named Mary and Doug. So far, they bear no resemblance to their namesakes, but of course they haven't got any teeth yet.—Passing Show (London).



father is it polite to keep your cap on in the house that depends wallace said father whether you mean a tube of shaving cream or a little shaver like you now Williams always keeps its cap on and it is the height of gentility



HANDS UP!

GET one of these little beauties right now, and protect yourself against hold-up thugs, rowdies, etc. and at the same time it serves as the best novelty cigarette case ever invented. Made exactly like the real thing! Just pull the trigger, back flies the lid showing a full package of your cigarettes. Lots of fun scaring your friends and at the same time useful and a great protector. Made of light weight metal, gun metal finish, 4 3/4 inches long. Sold exclusively by us. Order at once, supply limited. Special introductory price \$1.79 each. PAY POSTMAN on delivery our price plus postage. Money back if not satisfied.

PATHFINDER COMPANY
Dept. V60 534 Sixth Avenue New York



An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past thirty-seven years. In that time it has expended \$271,448.33 and has given a fortnight in the country to 45,925 poor city children.

Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Ave., New York City.

| | |
|--|------------|
| Previously acknowledged..... | \$4,772.77 |
| Geo. M. Verity, Middletown, O.. | 10.00 |
| Edward C. Clark, Chicago..... | 11.00 |
| Frank Cobb, Royersford, Pa.... | 1.00 |
| Mrs. Jay H. Hart, Waterbury, Conn..... | 10.00 |
| C. Macalester, Wytheville, Va.. | 11.00 |
| W. H. Fobes, St. Paul, Minn.. | 5.00 |
| E. C. Wagon, Brooklyn, N. Y.... | 10.00 |
| William G. Baer, Philadelphia.. | 11.00 |
| Miss Mary Weld, Brookline, Mass..... | 25.00 |
| G. P. M., Springfield, Mass..... | 10.00 |
| Saldee N. J., Sandford, Plainfield, N. J..... | 5.00 |
| Mrs. James Clarke, Manhasset, N. Y..... | 5.50 |
| George, Jr., Gerald & Barbara Morgan, Suffern, N. Y..... | 15.00 |
| F. W. K., N. Y. City..... | 6.00 |
| Abram S. Post, Quogue, N. Y.. | 10.00 |
| W. H. Morling, Emmetsburg, Iowa..... | 5.00 |
| E. C. Hanna, Jr., Cleveland, O.. | 25.00 |
| Edith P. Garland, Saco, Me.... | 11.00 |
| Mrs. W. D. Hubbard, Hartford, Conn..... | 10.00 |
| Frank B. Bowes, Chicago..... | 5.00 |
| Mrs. Charles O. Britton, Talcottville, Conn..... | 10.00 |
| S. Lawrence Bigelow, Ann Arbor, Mich..... | 10.00 |
| Robert V. Cram, Minneapolis, Minn..... | 5.00 |
| Mary F. Wynn, Dixon, Ill..... | 1.00 |
| Miss J. E. Purviance, Chestnut Hill, Pa..... | 5.00 |
| Neal Billings, Edinboro, Pa..... | 5.00 |
| Mrs. Chas. Fowler, Galveston, Tex..... | 2.00 |
| Alfred S. Foote, Washington, D. C..... | 30.00 |
| Lawrence Lewis, Jr., St. Augustine, Fla..... | 50.00 |
| Charles W. Horne, Clayton, N. C. | 5.00 |
| Mrs. A. G. Strong, Rochester, N. Y..... | 10.00 |
| Edw. S. Calderwood, Roxbury, Mass..... | 5.00 |
| Henry M. Plummer, New Bedford, Mass..... | 5.00 |
| Frank X. Graser, Lindenhurst, N. Y..... | 1.00 |
| Proceeds from two plays given by Nancy Cluett and Sally Welch, Troy, N. Y..... | 4.00 |
| I. R. A., Rye, N. Y..... | 10.00 |
| Mrs. Morris Hawkes, N. Y. City | 50.00 |
| Betty Payne, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.. | 5.00 |
| F. G. W., Brooklyn, N. Y..... | 5.00 |
| Ethel DuBois, N. Y. City..... | 100.00 |
| C. W. Gruhuert, Orange, N. J.. | 6.00 |
| Mildred and Johnny Lowe, Jr., Youngwood, N. Y..... | 22.00 |
| Thomas Davies, Detroit..... | 1.00 |
| Cornell Widow, Inc., Ithaca, N. Y. | 5.00 |
| M. H. Zacharias, Detroit..... | 25.00 |
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| Anonymous, Portland, Ore..... | 22.00 |
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| Anna D. Hubbell, Rochester, N. Y..... | 10.00 |
| C. W. Goodale, Butte, Mont..... | 25.00 |
| Arthur Elson, Boston..... | 11.00 |
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| Mrs. Antonio Ponvert, N. Y. City | 10.00 |
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| In memory of A. C. B., Brooklyn. | 10.00 |
| Miss Rebecca J. Austin, Rosemont, Pa..... | 10.00 |
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| Edward J. Byron, Beachwood, Me. | 20.00 |
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| Ethel M. McIntosh, Plainfield, N. J..... | 10.00 |
| Forbes Heermans, Syracuse, N. Y. | 10.00 |
| Helen Hayes, N. Y. City..... | 5.00 |
| Mary E. Reilly, Harrisburg, Pa.. | 10.00 |
| A friend, Buffalo, N. Y..... | 10.00 |
| Walter Gribben, Brooklyn, N. Y. | 10.00 |

Total \$5,701.77



It boils cold over thirsty throats

Cool as ice with the tang of ginger, Clicquot Club Ginger Ale swirls over thirsty throats in hundreds of cool little splashes that say sparkle and freshness and ginger tang all at once.

Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is made of pure Jamaica ginger, pure lemon and lime flavorings, and the famous Clicquot spring water carbonated just right! Here is ginger ale! Here is the full, rich, golden color with its shimmer and sparkle; here is the full bouquet, the rounded, balanced flavor of real ginger ale—every drop of it refreshing, every mouthful satisfying. *They all like it.* They judge ginger ale by Clicquot. They like ginger ale because they like Clicquot Club Ginger Ale.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY
MILLIS, MASSACHUSETTS, U. S. A.

Clicquot Club Ginger Ale

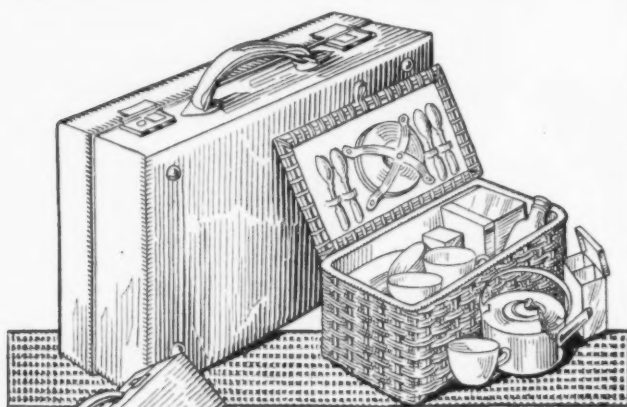
PRONOUNCED KLEE-KO

Order by the case from
your grocer, druggist,
or confectioner.



Clicquot Club
SARSAPARILLA

What a sweet, rich
goodness! Cream it up
like coffee. That's called
Black Cow.



Travelling Companions

THE intrinsic quality of the best leather goods begins with the selection of flawless skins and continues through the tanning and stitching to the finished product—be it sturdy hand-bag or dainty vanity case.

By their beauty of design, lasting wear and hidden strength, do they give silent testimony to the care and craftsmanship that made the original selection of perfect skins.

Leather and Travelling Goods sold by Boots The Chemists are of infinite variety. But they have one thing in common—durability, which makes them reliable travelling companions, ready to render a lifetime's service to the possessor. Prices, too, are extremely moderate.

In practically every town in Great Britain, Boots The Chemists have up-to-date establishments, where may be obtained, at moderate prices, every hygienic requisite that science has perfected for the preservation of health and the demands of the toilet. Boots The Chemists extend a cordial invitation to all American visitors to call at their branches. A visit will prove both profitable and enjoyable.

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Chief London Branch:

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Over 700 Branches throughout
Great Britain.

BOOTS PURE DRUG
COMPANY LIMITED



Frank's 50th Anniversary Cruise de Luxe TO THE Mediterranean

(Limited to 400 Guests—Less than Half Capacity)
By Magnificent New

Cunard S. S. "SCYTHIA"

(Built 1921) Oil-Burner, 20,000 Tons; Sailing Jan. 29, 1925—66 Days.

This Cruise, celebrating our Golden Jubilee, we plan to feature above all other Cruises, even surpassing our previous successful Cruises by the same steamer

EGYPT—PALESTINE

Madeira, Spain, Gibraltar, Algiers, Tunis, Constantinople, Greece, Italy, Sicily, Riviera, Monte Carlo, France, England.

The "Scythia" is a veritable floating palace, with spacious decks, lounges, veranda cafes, 2 elevators, gymnasium, commodious state-rooms with running water and large wardrobes; bedrooms and suites with private baths. The famous Cunard cuisine and service. (Only one sitting for meals.)

Stop-over privilege in Europe without extra cost, returning via S. S. "Aquitania," "Mauretania," "Berengaria," or any Cunard Line steamer.

Rates, deck plans, itinerary and full information on request. Early reservation insures choice of location.

FRANK TOURIST CO.

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The Laugh Cure, An Absolutely New Treat- ment for Melancholy

Prescribed by

Life

with unfailingly satisfactory results. Allopaths, homeopaths, osteopaths, all effect occasional cures, but the modern trend is less medicine and more of nature, wherein comes Our Treatment. Laughter is Nature's own medicine. One good laugh will fade out the atmosphere from indigo to a pale forget-me-not hue, while two or three bleach it completely and drive the blue devils away. *LIFE with Its Laugh on Every Page* not only supplies the needed two or three laughs, but gives many excess treatments every week, all for the one subscription price! Try it yourself for six months, or try our

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.20, Foreign \$1.40).
Send *LIFE* for the next ten weeks to

LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York

One Year \$5

Canadian \$5.80

Foreign \$6.60

(127)

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 22)

of our forefathers, I have no mind to witness the pathetic way in which their less fortunate descendants attempt to celebrate it, holding with Mrs. Browning that a holiday with miserable men is sadder than a burial day of kings. Going through our summer library in search of something to read, I did come upon "Country People," by Ruth Suckow, but Lord! I did weakly pass it up again because of its title, nor is it likely that I shall ever read it, undoubtedly to my own loss. The yeomanry as material for copy have no appeal for me save in the hands of Thomas Hardy, my vote going to coronets instead of kind hearts in the matter of dialogue.

July 5th A letter this morning from poor Amy Witherbee set me pondering on my blessings until I reached a Pharisaical state of mind which I should blush to confess in public. The thing I am gladdest of is that I am not a neurasthenic, which any woman may easily become these days with the slightest encouragement. I do

Nine superb courts fit for "The Ranking Ten" at Virginia Hot Springs



In the invigorating air of this cool mountain valley, tennis is a major sport.

The HOMESTEAD
Christian S. Andersen, Resident Mgr.
Hot Springs Virginia
Special summer rates on request.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

Enjoy for ten days this new way of teeth cleaning

Accept this offer for the sake of safer prettier teeth. It means new beauty, new delights, new cleanliness. It has brought those benefits to people all about you, whose whiter teeth you see.

That cloud is film

Teeth are clouded by a film—that viscous film you feel. Under old-way brushing much of it clings and stays. It becomes discolored, forms dingy coats, hides the luster of the teeth.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They with tartar, are chief cause of pyorrhea.

Few escaped such troubles under old ways of teeth cleaning.

Now dental science has found two ways to fight film. One disintegrates the film, one removes it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities have proved the methods effective. A new type tooth

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Based on modern research. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

CUT OUT THE COUPON NOW

thank God that when I enter a room it makes no difference to me if the windows are up or down, nor should I think of laying any personal cantankerousness to the climate. . . . A great crowd for luncheon, and young Edith Liggett did tell me of the betrothal of her roommate at Smith to a man in the cosmetics business, and when I asked her, Is he nice? she quoth, I don't know—the ring hadn't come when we left. . . . The Bannings to dinner, and my fatigue was so great that I went through the evening like an automaton, yet when the chance to go to bed came, my strength was renewed, as usual, like the eagle's, but I did put fewer pillows behind me so that I should not read too late.

Baird Leonard.



paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent. Today millions of people of some 50 nations employ it, largely by dental advice.

Great changes come

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, also its starch digestant. Those are great tooth-protecting factors. These combined effects will bring results to delight and amaze.

Send the coupon for a test. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

You will always use it when you know.

1615
10-DAY TUBE FREE

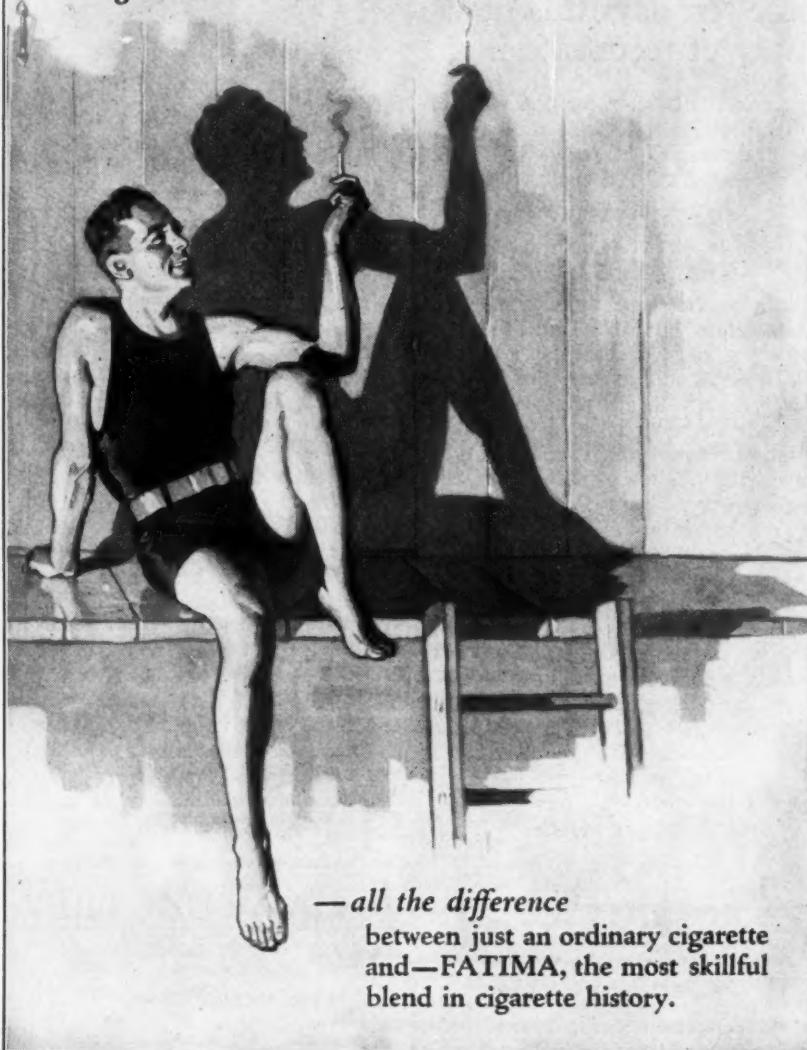
THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 80, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.



"MY WIFE ACTUALLY PREFERS THE TELEPHONE TO THE RADIO."
"NATURALLY. YOU CAN'T TALK BACK ON THE RADIO."
Simplicissimus (Munich).

"What a whale of a difference
just a few cents make!"



—all the difference
between just an ordinary cigarette
and—FATIMA, the most skillful
blend in cigarette history.

Making the Merchants Happy

"I WAS in luck to-day," remarked the gray-haired traveling salesman to the head deskman of the Hotel New Trianon, Jonesville. "I got to see the proprietor of the New Bon Marché. You see, he had expected to go to New York this afternoon, but had to give it up because he couldn't get a drawing-room on the Century.

"Back in the days when the New Bon Marché was Simpson's drygoods store, an upper on a milk train would have excited that fellow so he would have stayed awake all night to watch his pants. Now he's unhappy on any train except a non-stop, extra-fare, and he is not really comfortable unless it has five sections."

McC. H.

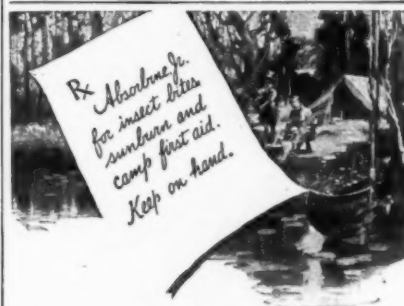
A Change in Rapid Transit

THE taxi was traveling along at a rapid clip when it suddenly struck a patch of rough road. The driver, a reckless soul, kept clipping along.

After a bit he called back to his lone fare, "Are you there, mister?"

"Ye-es, but if you don't mind (bump), I'd like you to stop a few minutes (bump, bump) so I can put my clothes back on."

A WOMAN may "forget and forgive," but that doesn't keep her from remembering a little.



Pack Absorbine, Jr. in your suit case or kit.

It almost instantly stops the pain, the inflammation and the swelling from insect bites. Applied beforehand, it discourages the activities of these winged pests.

It is soothing, cooling and healing to sunburned neck, shoulders and arms. You cannot afford to be without such relief!

It is first aid for cuts, bruises, burns, sprains and for other emergencies of camp life. A few drops suffice in most instances. And Absorbine, Jr. is safe and of an agreeable odor—easy and clean to use.

At all druggists', \$1.25 or postpaid.
Liberal trial bottle, 10c., postpaid.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
362 Lyman St.
Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine, Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
Other timely uses:
Cuts, strains, bruises, sunburn, tired feet, after shaving

Free Dog Book

by noted specialist. Tells how to
FEED AND TRAIN

your dog
KEEP HIM HEALTHY

and
CURE DOG DISEASES

How to put dog in condition, kill
fleas, cure scratching, mange, dis-
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Q-W DOG REMEDIES

and 150 illustrations of dogs leads, training collars,
harness, stripping combs, dog houses, etc. Mailed free.

Q-W LABORATORIES

Dept. 19 Bound Brook, New Jersey

For the Louvain Library Fund

THE destruction during the Great War of the Louvain Library, with its treasures of books and manuscripts, meant a loss to all the world, and the American people promised little Belgium the Library should be restored.

On August 25, 1925, Louvain University will celebrate the five-hundredth anniversary of its founding, and the completed new Library must be ready for that occasion.

Checks, if made payable to us and marked "For Louvain Library Fund," will be acknowledged in LIFE and duly forwarded. So far LIFE has collected about \$420. More is needed, and America's honor is involved.

Won't you help?

A HEAT wave is caused by the sun's running mad and taking the orbit in his teeth.



FOTH (imported) BINOCULARS

Six time magnification with 24
M. M. objective. **\$15.75**
Central focusing ad-
justment. Complete Regularly
with Sole leather case and strap. Sold at \$25

WILLOUGHBY-110 W. 32d St., New York



2,000 Miles of Pleasant Driving All Roads Paved—All Interesting

Do you know that fine roads are available through this delightful region, north of the older east-and-west highways? Whether you are planning your main route through this section or another, plan to drive into this charming summer playground at some point—any place between Toronto and Chicago.

The Lake Erie-Niagara Falls Trail: From Toronto to Niagara and Buffalo—each of the three a center of a great vacation territory—is but the beginning. Through the lakes and resorts of western New York and of Northern Ohio are hundreds of attractions on both main routes and by-paths. Cleveland is another inviting point; many famous beaches and lake resorts are in easy reach as you drive on to Toledo and the north. At Detroit are innumerable playgrounds, and here is the door to the wonderland of Michigan resorts which you reach by *The Michigan Trail*. Any of these cities will easily provide a week's—or a fortnight's—delightful vacationing.

Drive into this big vacation territory any place from Toronto to Chicago, and in whatever direction you go you will find beauty and pleasure.

There are Three Statlers on Your Route

At Detroit and at Cleveland are thousand-room Statler hotels which will welcome you. At Buffalo is the newest Hotel Statler (1100 rooms, 1100 baths) which is the finest of them all. Just across the street from it is the new 500-car Statler Garage, with all the conveniences that can be built into the newest type of service garage.

In Buffalo, Cleveland or Detroit you might well make The Statler your headquarters and spend some time in the vicinity of each city.

There's a Statler in St. Louis, too, if you go to the Southwest—and Hotel Pennsylvania at New York (the largest hotel in the world) is Statler-operated.

Statler Service is Guaranteed

We guarantee that our employees will handle all transactions with our guests (and with each other) in the spirit of the golden rule—of treating the guests as the employee would like to be treated if their positions were reversed. We guarantee that every employee will go to the limit of his authority to satisfy you; and that if he can't satisfy you he will immediately take you to his superior.

From this time on, therefore, if you have cause for complaint in any of our houses, and if the management of that house fails to give you the satisfaction which this guarantee promises, the trans-

saction should then become a personal matter between you and me. You will confer a favor upon us if you will write to me a statement of the case, and depend upon me to make good my promise. I can't personally check all the work of more than 6,000 employees, and there is no need that I should do so; but when our promises aren't kept I want to know it.

My permanent address is Executive Offices, Hotel Statler Co., Inc., Buffalo.

Emstatler

This Tour-Book is Free—Ask For It

Both the Lake Erie-Niagara Trail and the Michigan Trail are mapped, with running directions and other information, in a useful and interesting booklet which you can have for the asking.



TEAR THIS OUT AND MAIL IT

To Hotel Statler, Executive Offices, Buffalo, N. Y.

Please send me the Booklet on vacation tours.

Name

Address 203

HOTELS STATLER

BUFFALO: 1100 rooms, 1100 baths. Niagara Square. The old Hotel Statler (at Washington and Swan) is now called Hotel Buffalo; and the old Iroquois Hotel is closed, not to re-open.
CLEVELAND: 1000 rooms, 1000 baths. Euclid, at E. 12th.
DETROIT: 1000 rooms, 1000 baths. Grand Circus Park.
ST. LOUIS: 650 rooms, 650 baths. Ninth and Washington.
BOSTON: Now preparing to build at Columbus Ave., Providence and Arlington Sts.

STATLER

and Statler-operated

HOTELS

Hotel Pennsylvania New York

The largest hotel in the world—with 2200 rooms, 2200 baths. On Seventh Avenue, 32d to 33d Streets, directly opposite the Pennsylvania Railway Terminal. A Statler-operated hotel, with all the comforts and conveniences of other Statlers, and with the same policies of courteous, intelligent and helpful service by all employees.

Every room in these hotels has private bath and running ice-water; in every room is posted its rate, printed in plain figures.

America's favorite fine tobacco **BLUE BOAR**

*A*S a pipe tobacco for the connoisseur, Blue Boar's popularity has grown steadily year after year, all because one man after another has passed the word along.

To men who know tobaccos and appreciate the extraordinary, Blue Boar brings supreme pipe pleasure.

If you are not yet acquainted with Blue Boar, just try one package. Then you'll understand why "one man tells another."

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
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*One man
tells another*